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Good Friday.

SHEENLESS the sun in God's great concave stood;
The earth for terror trembled at the deed;
The mould'ring dead were from their cold cells freed;
And wandered, spare and wan, through plain and wood,
Fright'ning the living, freezing up the blood
Which burned so fierce of late that Christ should bleed,
And through these portents many changed their creed,
And joined God's universal brotherhood.

And brothers still in Christ's unchanging faith,
Let us, O God, recoil from fatal Doubt!
Let us throw off the darkness of disgrace,
That, if not spurned, will surely lead to death.
Let us, Thy grace attending, haste to rout
All fiends that tempt us from Thy holy face.

J. B.

A Summer in Europe.

BY A. B.

VI.—LOURDES THE MARVELLOUS.

I wonder whether the reader will characterize as a paradox the statement that I find it far more difficult to write about Lourdes, now that I have visited the famous shrine, than I did when my only knowledge of the Grotto and the town that it has glorified was information acquired at second hand. Paradoxical or not, the statement is true, so true that for the past half-hour I have been deliberating upon the advisability of disposing of Lourdes in a single paragraph, and allowing my pen to canter gaily along in a description of scenes and a record of impressions whose treatment calls for no special reticence.

Possibly this difficulty of which I am con-

scious merely exemplifies the truth that our feelings

"are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb."

Depth of feeling certainly acts as a check upon a garrulous pen; and if there be on this earth of-ours a spot where a child of Mary may well be agitated with profound emotion, where tears may well o'erflow from eyes unused to shed them, nay, where the soul is invaded by a host of

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"—

it is assuredly that little Pyrenean village whose name is linked forevermore to that of the Immaculate Virgin, whose very atmosphere is redolent of the supernatural, whose annals are but a continuous record of brilliant and indubitable wonders, of faith-compelling, science-confounding miracles.

It is very doubtful whether even the least reticent of pilgrims to the Rock of Massabielle, unrestrainedly communicative as their narratives may appear, have ever given to the world a truly accurate account of the multifarious emotions that stirred the inmost recesses of their being while kneeling before the miraculous shrine, or a perfectly faithful transcript of the tender heart-memories that survive of the hallowed hours spent in ineffably sweet communion with Our Lady of Lourdes. And this for a twofold reason: the intricate complexity of the emotions experienced render adequate description impossible; and even were such description practicable, the spiritual vivisection involved therein would border too closely upon profanation of sentiments the most sacred to warrant its publication. "However well proved a friendship may appear," says the Abbé Roux, "there are confidences which it should

not hear, and sacrifices that should not be required of it"; and the most impressive portion of my experience at Our Lady's favorite shrine is a confidence which even the most friendly of my readers must pardon me for withholding.

Without invading, however, the innermost sanctuary of the soul, or trespassing upon topics too delicately sensitive for indiscriminate discussion, a visitor to Lourdes may still have at his disposal abundant material wherewith to interest—and it may be, edify—a circle of auditors many of whom devoutly serve, and all of whom unfeignedly love, the gracious Queen of Heaven. So, let me live over again those halcyon midsummer days during which, a humble pilgrim from a distant land, I sojourned in that picturesque Pyrenean hamlet where the turbulent waters of the Gave come tumbling down from snow-clad heights, and, their brawling hushed as they pass Our Lady's Grotto, flow swiftly and silently on, a fillet of sinuous blue accentuating the glistening verdure of the meadows below.

How vividly I recall the slightest incident that marked the happy day of my arrival at the far-famed shrine! I have but to close my eyes for a moment, and I am once again in Pau, awaiting somewhat impatiently the hour for the departure of the train for Lourdes. I have exhausted the sights of this beautiful and fashionable little city, and have returned to my hotel for an hour's quiet reading. The approaching realization of a long-cherished hope, however, is a distracting factor that cannot be eliminated from my present mental condition, so the reading project is perforce abandoned. How shall I pass the interval between now and 1.30 p. m. when my train is to leave? Ah, yes! On a printed form in the vestibule of one of the Pau churches, I saw this morning a notice that English confessions are heard at stated hours by the Rev. Dr. G—; and I remarked that the Doctor's address was this very hotel at which I am a guest. I wonder whether it will be considered a violation of good form, down here in southern France, if I send my card to Doctor G—, and request the favor of an interview. I shall risk it, at any rate. If the clergyman impresses me as a congenial spirit, I shall spend an hour in pleasant converse; if I am unfavorably affected by his personality,—well, I can refer to the church notice, and solicit his professional services.

Five minutes later, I am congratulating myself upon my decision to make the English

priest's acquaintance. Doctor G— proves a thoroughly cultured and eminently genial gentleman, and a delightful talker. We discover that we have not a few acquaintances in common,—among others that cosmopolitan ecclesiastic over whom the *spiritus movendi* exercises such tyrannical sway; Dr. H—y. I have been somewhat surprised since reaching Europe at my not having encountered Dr. H., but learn now that he is in Madrid; or at least *was* there a fortnight ago; and I recount to Dr. G— the circumstances under which I last saw that distinguished traveller—bringing up the rear of a Kalamazoo pilgrimage to Notre Dame!

But here is the carriage that is to take me to the railway station. I bid farewell to my new acquaintance, rattle down the steep incline of the Pau thoroughfares, enter a sparsely occupied compartment of the waiting train, and am soon speeding away to a town that surely deserves to have its name coupled with a distinctive epithet far more than does Genoa "the superb," or Florence "the beautiful,"—Lourdes the marvellous.

He must be a very unimaginative Catholic reader who cannot conjecture the sentiments by which I was dominated during that hour's ride up the romantic valley of the Gave, and the score upon score of reminiscences that thronged upon me of Bernadette and the Abbé Peyramale and Henri Lasserre and Francis Macary and Mademoiselle de Fontenay and M. de Musy and—alas! that so harsh a discord should mar the harmony of the theme—Emile Zola, the apostle of dirt whose defiling presence has so recently contaminated the shrine of the Immaculate. The train has for the past half-hour been winding about some lofty hillsides on a steep "up grade," and a glance out of the car window now discloses rising all around us Pyrenean peaks verdure-clad near their bases, wooded farther up, and ruggedly bare at the summits. The engine emits a shrill whistle, there is a perceptible slackening of our speed, and here at last is Our Lady's mountain shrine.

It is perhaps a little disenchanting to find oneself besieged by vociferous cab-drivers at the Lourdes station—for I have been thinking of the town as of a place quite devoid of commercial aspects—but the frequency of the cry, *Voilà pour la Grotte!* soon reconciles me to the situation. It emphasizes the fact that the supernatural *does* dominate every phase of the life that is pulsing around me, and that Lourdes is Lourdes because of its Grotto and its Fountain.

A quarter of an hour suffices to reach the private hotel to which I have been recommended by a Parisian friend, and I have no sooner been installed in my room than I leave it and set out for the objective point of all visitors to this unique town,—the world-famed Grotto. A five minutes' walk brings me to a narrow thoroughfare lined on either side with a continuous succession of stores, shops and booths whose whole stock in trade consists of souvenirs. The supply of these seems to be immeasurably greater than can possibly be demanded by a community numbering only some five thousand; but one has to remember that the public to whom these merchants cater is composed of many times five thousand, strangers thronging to Lourdes from every quarter of the old world and new. Four weeks hence, for instance, thirty thousand customers will arrive from Paris alone, and the souvenir-venders will find that their stock is not excessive. To-morrow or next day, I shall patronize some of these booths, but just now I am deaf to all solicitations to stop and examine their wares.

Hurrying on, I reach the Place du Couronnement, and stay my steps for a moment to admire the graceful, gold-crowned statue of Our Lady, then proceed along the winding terrace above which looms the superb Basilica. There is nothing unfamiliar in the scene; its topographical features possess none of that strangeness of aspect that usually characterizes places seen for the first time; and as I come into full view of the Grotto itself, it appears so entirely conformable to the mental picture which for years I have carried of it, that the sensation of beholding a novel sight is utterly wanting. For any feeling of surprise awakened by the visible features of the shrine and its appurtenances, I may have visited this most celebrated of all the world's oratories a dozen, nay, a hundred times already.

It is quite otherwise, however, with the undefinable influence exerted upon the soul as one prostrates himself on this pavement saturated with the grateful tears of myriad recipients of Our Lady's wondrous favors, and gazes through swimming eyes upon the virginal figure poised in yonder natural niche where thirty-six years ago the Immaculate Conception revealed her entrancing loveliness to the astounded vision of little Bernadette. There is novelty enough in this emotion that instantaneously breaks through all barriers of phlegmatic reserve or stately self-control, and sets every chord of

one's spiritual being vibrating like the wind-struck strings of an æolian harp.

If ever a Catholic soul drops the stiff garb of conventionalism in which it is ordinarily swathed, casts all human respect to the winds, and, oblivious of the world and its comments, gives undisguised and full expression to its true nature, it is surely here at Mary's feet in this cavern glorified beyond all other favored spots on earth. It is not that one receives an influx of faith in the miraculous character of the original apparition or the marvellous prodigies effected here during the past three decades—no Catholic needs a visit to Lourdes to strengthen his faith on these points—it is rather that one's spiritual vision is clarified and its field extended far beyond the bounds to which it has hitherto been restricted. The mystery of sin and sorrow, the beautifulness of humility and self-sacrifice, the scope of penance and mortification, the immeasurable depths of the Redeemer's love and the ineffable tenderness of His Mother's compassion,—these and a hundred kindred topics flash upon the intelligence, under entirely new conditions, and disclose themselves in aspects never before considered.

Yes; it is a truly wonderful and wonder-working spot, this Grotto of Lourdes! A spot so thoroughly supernaturalized that one looks upon its miracles as matter-of-course occurrences, fully-expected incidents in the ordinary routine of life. There is a poor cripple leaning upon the bench in front of me, his crutches on the pavement beside him. I have seen him enter and noted his distorted limbs, as with much difficulty he assumed a kneeling posture. I know that the bones of his legs are twisted out of all semblance of their normal shape and that one leg is at least eight inches shorter than the other; yet it will not, I am convinced, surprise me if a few moments hence I behold him stand erect with no symptom of malformation about him, and carry his useless crutches to that heap over yonder, eloquently mute memorials of prodigies not less striking.

Lourdes is the very home of the supernatural; and the only point in connection with its countless miracles that I find inexplicable is that men—be they the veriest sceptics that ever doubted their own existence—can come here, view palpably God-wrought marvels which science publicly avows her inability to explain, and still so stultify what they term their intelligence as to doubt divine action in these marvels' occurrence. As a simple matter of

fact, I doubt their doubting; and am uncharitable enough to believe them in bad faith.

I do not intend, as was intimated in the beginning of this paper, to favor (or possibly, bore) the reader with a transcript of the diary which I kept during the three or four days of my sojourn at the Pyrenean shrine, nor even give him a series of copious extracts from its pages. Neither shall I attempt a new description of scenes and edifices which a hundred abler pens have made familiar to readers the world over. The Basilica, the Church of the Holy Rosary, the outer and interior Grottoes, the ancient fortress that crowns the lofty cliff, the Calvary two thousand feet above the level of the valley, the convents, orphan asylums, medical examination offices—all these have time and time again been described with an exactitude that leaves nothing to be added.

One circumstance of my visit which pleased me much was the absence, during my stay, of any regularly organized pilgrimage. There were perhaps two or three hundred individual pilgrims present on the day of my departure, and fewer still on that of my arrival. I rejoiced at this, for it afforded me a far better opportunity than I would otherwise have enjoyed of leisurely examining all points of interest in and about the shrine, and of passing delicious hours of solitude within the interior Grotto,—a privilege not readily obtained when once the regular pilgrimages have begun. How permeated with sweetness and light is the very memory of those precious moments as I recall them now, and endeavor in vain to reproduce the conditions of heart and mind that seemed so natural at Lourdes! Faith and hope and love are unchanged; Our Lady is still my gracious Mother tender, kind, and true; but the sensible sweetness of her presence is wanting, and the atmosphere is no longer charged with the celestial aroma that makes a paradise of the Grotto of Lourdes.

DOUBT is the shadow which the splendor of truth as it falls upon the mind always casts. It is easy to speak or write of what we know little; they whose knowledge is large and profound find less to say. Whoever turns his mind habitually and strongly in a given direction will find that, little by little, it loses the power of taking any other.... Thus the soul, like the body, is subdued to what it works in.
—*Bishop Spalding.*

L'Ange et l'Enfant.

“**©** H! viens, jeune Immortelle! au chemin de la vie,
Si court qu'il soit, ne daigne pas
Laisser la trace d'un seul pas.
L'éternité, ma sœur, t'appelle et te convie
A jouir de ses biens,
Jeune Immortelle, oh, viens!

“Qu'une goutte de lait sur le sein qui t'invite
Ne te retienne point. Fuis l'erreur et le mal.
De la source des pleurs, oh! détourne bien vite
Ta lèvre où se répand le parfum baptismal.

“Sur la terre la vie est une rude épreuve,
Et la mort pour l'enfant est un baiser de Dieu.
Libre aussitôt, vers Lui monte et fuit l'âme neuve,
Comme au ciel son foyer monte un rayon de feu.

“Touchant légèrement ta dépouille mortelle,
Ma main t'en deliera sans effort, sans douleur,
Comme au printemps la brise, en y posant son aile,
Détache de l'épine une petite fleur.

“Dans mon calice amer tu n'auras pas à boire
L'oubri de cœurs brisés, de funèbres adieux;
Nul souvenir humain, dans ta vierge mémoire,
Ne suivra ton essor par les sphères des cieux.

“De ta mère qui veille, enfant, ton œil ignore
Le sourire craintif et joyeux à la fois;
Et sommeillant en paix ton sein n'a pas encore
Palpité de tendresse au doux son de sa voix.

“Oui, tu la connaîtra, cette mère attristée,
Quand auront fui les jours de son exil obscur,
Mais aux lieux où la fleur de l'amour transplantée
S'épanouit enfin dans un air calme et pur.

“Au milieu des buissons de la terre, elle exhale,
Cette fleur, un parfum d'ambrosie et de miel;
Mais, pour garder toujours sa fraîcheur virginale,
Il lui faut l'atmosphère et les brises du ciel.

“Oh! viens, jeune Immortelle! au chemin de la vie
Si court qu'il soit, ne daigne pas
Laisser la trace d'un pas.
L'éternité, ma sœur, t'appelle et te convie
A jouir de ses biens,
Jeune Immortelle, oh! viens!”

Comme un écho du ciel que répète à voix basse
Un esprit, qu'à nos yeux voile un épais rideau,
Ce chant plaintif, rempli d'harmonie et de grâce,
Dans l'ombre murmurait au dessus d'un berceau.

Près de l'enfant malade, immobile la mère
Vit—et l'espoir entra dans son cœur ingénu—
Ses traits pâles et doux rayonner de lumière,
Et ses yeux s'animer d'un éclat inconnu.

Hélas! elle ignorait que cette étrange flamme
N'était qu'un pur reflet du chérubin joyeux
Qui s'était incliné pour cueillir la jeune âme,
Et déjà l'emportait dans son sein radieux.

Heine and Voltaire.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

Man, as I have an impression some one has remarked before, is a rational but not a reasoning animal. No doubt it is better so. If all the world acted rigidly as cold reason dictated there would be little left to us of what now makes up life's pleasure or value. It is the unreasonable, happy-go-lucky moment snatched from days of calculation and forethought that we enjoy the most, and look back upon with greatest regret. Were Reason the ruling deity of mortals, love and sorrow would vanish like the phantoms of the imagination that they are, and without their inspiration poetry, music and art would end forever. Then would come the melancholy days of over-scrupulous consciences and over-candid friends; of dress reform and crowded insane asylums; of stoics and cynics and philistines.

Nevertheless, all that is good in human life or action, howsoever illogical it may appear upon the surface, has a foundation, a substratum of deepest and truest reason. We are too easily contented with shallow and insufficient explanations of emotions in ourselves and others, and fail to see how really fundamental such emotions often are. We experience attractions and repulsions of the people about us; we feel that by some unmistakable instinct we seek one man and avoid another; but how few of us ever pause to question why such things should be? Yet there must be a deep-seated reason for every movement of love or aversion. It is a strange study that of human likes and dislikes, and it is not often easy to analyze either our prejudices or our affections. Most men, I fancy, find it a lucky provision of the moral code that allows them to love the sinner however much they may abhor the sin. Were it not for this, many a pious soul would be troubled with conscientious scruples on account of his untheological sympathy for some of the most lovable of men.

I have been led up to these sage and grave reflections through thinking with what different eyes and in what different lights many persons view Heinrich Heine and his master in philosophy, Voltaire. Notwithstanding a dozen damaging admissions against Heine, Christian men and women, who, in the inconsistency of human nature, would turn out of doors their

own children for similar offences, feel an instinctive heart-warming toward him. Indeed that fascinating wickedness of his seems rather to add to more than one person's interest in him, much as the doubtful reputation of young Lord Byron once made it so delightfully daring for romantic young women to be fond of his poems.

Voltaire, on the contrary, to the same persons, is generally looked upon as the very antithesis of Heine. Some one has called him "a sneer incarnate;" and as a sneering, scorning, theatric devil, without the great qualities that render the real one so heroic to persons of a Miltonic cast of mind, he occurs, I dare say, to the majority of English-speaking people.

Why they should fancy so great a difference between the two it is hard to say. The Sage of Ferney is known certainly to have received the Sacrament of the Eucharist long after he had broken with the faith of his boyhood and his intrigues with the Countess de Chatelet were more than suspected; but then Heine was a Hedonist, with very little regard for moral principle and still less for moral conduct; he was born a Jew, but, at the solicitation of his uncle Solomon, turned Christian for purposes of convenience solely; and, to cap the climax, he was a dyed-in-the-wool disciple of Voltaire; but in the deistic philosopher these lapses from virtue are blamed in no gentle terms, while in the poet they are almost ignored. Why? One can only shrug his shoulders.

Dante, the most fundamental of poets, places intellectual sinners lower in hell than those who have erred in the flesh; and Voltaire belongs to the former class, whilst Heine was simply an Epicurean with very little of the intellectual in his philosophy. Neither is the distinction too nice or too deep to affect any but an extraordinary mind. The secret of our attractions and repulsions is often deeper seated than we suppose, and we obey instinctively laws and principles that, perhaps, to our knowledge have never been formulated. The author of the "Inferno" did not err. What Crawford—as quoted by a late writer in the SCHOLASTIC—says of the novel is equally true of all abiding religion and philosophy;—they are ethic not æsthetic. They must be based, like human action, which they guide and regulate, on what a modern writer calls "some grand fact of human nature." Every shade of doctrine or morality, from Altruism to Rousseau's sentimentality, may flourish for a day; but if it be not rooted in immutable human nature it will

be forgotten. Truth, not sentiment, prevails in the end. This is why it is not absurd to say that if Voltaire's offences seem heinous and Heine's not, it is because the former sinned in the intellect, the latter in the flesh merely.

Another less metaphysical, but not less true explanation possibly is, that Voltaire was overrated in his own day, and will be underrated for a long time to come. His admirers made a fool of him; he is the philosopher of the bells and cap. They styled him "Sage of Ferney," and declared that Christianity had lasted from Christ to Voltaire; but Voltaire is dead and Christianity yet flourishes, and human intuition sees through the tinsel and pretence of the "Sage" and despises him.

But the poet's sins are between himself and God, and to the world he gave his better self only. We can tolerate the meanness of a great man, but not the greatness of a mean man.

An Idyl of Central Park.

J. A. MARMON.

There are persons, in fact, quite a number of them, who pass certain periods of their existence in a boarding-house. Boarding-houses are very good things at times; they are quite useful and fill a great place in the world. For instance, one cannot live with safety at a hotel for any length of time without some feint of settling one's bill. Nor can one go to a private house and conduct oneself in a free and easy manner—smoke cigarettes in the parlor, flirt with the dining-room girl between meals and abuse the cooking. But all this is possible in a boarding-house, which only goes to show that all institutions, no matter how seemingly worthless, have some excuse for their existence.

There are still other persons, or rather a portion of the class before mentioned, who rejoice in the possession of "front hall" bed rooms. Front hall bed rooms, although they are never uncomfortably large, have two disadvantages which vary with the seasons. In summer, with the assistance of an ever-willing sun and various other agents, one is frequently reminded of the atmosphere of that place whose denizens are not supposed to be on speaking terms with angels. In winter, on the contrary, the unhappy occupant is never quite sure whether or not his person has during the previous night been prepared for a sojourn in

a cold storage house. But then the hall boarder has this advantage over his fellow-boarders, that in recognition of these unfortunate circumstances he is allowed a little more freedom in some directions. He may bang the dyspeptic piano in the back parlor just a little harder than any one else, utilize the drawing-room as a gymnasium and enjoy other little privileges of this sort which go to make life bearable.

Now it is possible that Smith (the eccentricity in spelling is the result of his wish not to be confounded with the vulgar herd who call themselves Smythe) who occupies one of these chambers may have been awakened one Sunday morning about late breakfast time by the sweet and balmy breath of summer which floated through the open window, bringing with it visions of green fields and flowing streams. There are other trifling circumstances, also, which may have influenced Smith in bidding farewell to his slumbers. The sun had crept around until it bathed Smith's tangled locks in a stream of golden radiance, the warmth of which caused an intense desire to scratch. Then again all the young Americans in the neighborhood (and to Smith it seemed a few delegates from all other neighborhoods) were practising the Comanche yell in the street below, while Pensel, the reporter in the next room, as the result of a bloody attempt to shave himself, discoursed audibly in the choicest of "Tenderloin" profanity.

It had been Smith's custom to spend Sunday morning in bed; but on this occasion, possessed of an unusual impulse to go to church, and tempted by the odor of Mrs. Williams' famous chic—coffee, he arose, took up himself and walked. It was thus that Smith shortly found himself in a villainous temper, and with his attention divided between the stirring of his coffee and scowling at the other boarders. The vileness of his temper may be realized when Mrs. Williams' gracious, and unusual, attempt to serve him with beefsteak a second time, failed to produce any change in his gloom. Miss De Liteful, the idol of the boarding house—or at least the male contingent—then tripped in, and seating herself bestowed a particularly amiable greeting upon Smith. But the smile he perpetrated in return was the sickliest and most harrowing attempt imaginable,—a regular bromo-seltzer cracked-ice sort of a thing.

Now all these facts go to throw light on the condition of Smith's mind on this bright Sunday morning. It was not at all serene. His usual calm state of good-natured blankness

and devotion to the works of Laura Jean Libby sometimes fostered a doubt of its existence; but the emphatic expression of disgust with which our hero (I'm hanged if I know whether he is our hero, or a deep-dyed villain) greeted every remark addressed to him, made it clear that he had some sort of a substitute for an intellect, at any rate.

Now, to be frank, Smith's temper was the result of his having sat in a friendly game of "draw" the night previous. These quiet games in the kitchen of an acquaintance's (one has poker acquaintances as well as dancing acquaintances) third floor flat are deadly things. Of course, you rise after five or six hours' of hard work in a condition usually termed "dead broke," and the fact that all the others of the friendly circle are also losers prevents you from venting your wrath. As no one ever wins in these little events, some scientist of the future will make a name for himself by explaining what becomes of the money.

Well, this morning, when Smith had finished his breakfast and kicked Miss De Liteful's poodle down the front steps he found himself strolling in the direction of the Park. On his way, assisted by the purchase of a morning paper, he overcame the temptation to go to church, which was really not so difficult as one might imagine. Past the swan boats, where Van Bibber came to grief and joy, through the yet deserted carousel, Smith went along the shady walks until he reached the Mall. He selected a bench close to one of the fountains, and prepared to read the small library which Mr. Dana furnishes weekly at the uniform price of five cents. The only persons near were a couple of servant girls with their attendant "sparrow" policemen and a solid looking gentleman whose manner of smoking a cigar denoted his having entered from Fifth Avenue on the east.

Smith had just commenced a three-column account, with illustrations, of the back hair of Mme. Melba, when the swish of skirts caused him to look up at the radiant vision of loveliness which was approaching. Smith under ordinary circumstances is very susceptible. This probably accounts for the fact that his frowning forehead partially uncreased itself at the genial glance which the new-comer cast in his direction as she seated herself a short distance away. Here, being out of the sun, she closed her parasol and began thoughtfully toying with the toe of her dainty boot. Smith wondered whether the foot it enclosed was not

able to compare with Trilby's, the thought of which made him almost look pleasant. This was but the first of a series of circumstances which finally resulted in the casting of a smile at Smith by the Fair One, and his retorting with a broad grin. When affairs had progressed thus far the result was evident, and under the smiles and the subtle charm of the Fair One's conversation the last vestige of Smith's ill humor went away. As the time passed he fell more and more under the spell of the Fair One. Although not particularly conceited he felt that he had made an impression on the feminine heart at his side.

Here Smith did a very foolish and commonplace thing. When the Fair One rose to go he asked her to meet him at the same place in the afternoon. How much more romantic it would have been to part from her then, and to treasure the remembrance of her charms in his reveries, and build fanciful castles around her. But alas! he did not do this. Instead, when she replied with some hesitation in the affirmative, he hinted that a nice little lunch at the Park *café* would not come amiss. To all this she assented with a lovely mixture of hesitation and pleasure which sent Smith off to lunch with a beaming face.

As Smith threaded his way through rapidly increasing crowds which thronged the Mall, that afternoon, he pictured to himself the Fair One as the only daughter of a rich, old banker, whose heiress she undoubtedly was. With her air of haughty graciousness and good breeding she could be nothing else than the daughter of a millionaire. Of course, there would be no difficulty about their falling in love with each other. Then they would be married secretly; and presenting themselves before the lonely parent, his forgiveness and blessing would surely be forthcoming. Then farewell to his days of toil. All life would be bright and cheerful with the old man's millions as an illuminator.

Meditating thus, he at last reached the trysting place. She evidently had not yet arrived. A quartette of noisy children with their nurse-maid, at whom he merely glanced, occupied the spot where she was to await him. Disappointed, Smith stopped to gaze around in search of the Fair One when a merry laugh, which sounded familiar to his ears, came from the aproned nurse-maid. Like a flash he turned and recognized her—the whole horrible truth came to him at once. The fair heiress with her millions faded off into the clouds beyond the

band-stand, and Smith found himself greeting the erstwhile beautiful heiress with hypocritical affability.

"Oh no! I don't mind the children in the least," Smith said in reply to her query, and then not wishing to do things by halves, he added, "I was always fond of little ones." The conflicting emotions of injured pride, disappointment and fear that some of his friends might see him in the clutches of the nursemaid and the four brats, as he regarded them, are beyond description. But the final paroxysm of agony was felt when, true to his promise, he led this noisy, motley group to one of the awning-covered tables in front of the *café*. There just beyond sat Pensel and Miss De Liteful from the boarding house. The looks of astonishment, finally resolving themselves into two ill-concealed grins, with which they greeted the new-comers almost caused Smith to turn tail and run. Smith on Sunday morning was amiability itself compared with his condition on Monday morning.

The "Antigone" of Sophocles.

MICHAEL A. RYAN, '95.

In looking over the history of the literature of various nations, one cannot help returning to the age when Greek tragedy flourished and reached its summit. Indeed, according to the best critics, tragedy as cultivated by the Greeks affords a very deep problem, the solution of which has been attempted by no man. An explanation is wellnigh impossible, as we have lost many essential points of information concerning those whom history has decreed that we should call the cultivated Greeks. Therefore, an impartial criticism of the literary productions of any age or of any man demands that we should not separate him from the age in which he lived with its environments and circumstances. This is, perhaps, more especially true when one attempts a criticism of the drama, ancient or modern. The Athenian with his refinement has disappeared, leaving us but a few mouldy volumes full of beauty to help us to realize, if we can, the higher, the nobler influences of Attic culture. But who in our age is able to interpret the deep pathos, sympathy and humanity which lie hidden in the beautiful Greek narrative; who can successfully reproduce the graceful measure of an

Athenian chorus, and establish its function; again, who is there that can enlighten us as to the point of view of the cultured Athenians?

More than two thousand years have passed since Aristotle established a few of the highest laws of dramatic effect. He firmly clung to his rules; for instance, he held that "the excellence of tragedy depended on the plot, and that the action is the first and most important thing, the character only second." The Greek school, made illustrious by such men as Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, did not follow the unities of time, place and action laid down by Aristotle, who gave to Athenian tragedy an ideal too high for realization. Perhaps, it was well for succeeding generations that such was the case. Among the Athenians each of the great writers followed at least one of the unities, Sophocles being master in the management of dramatic unity.

There are some who say that the Greeks did not pay attention to character. Sophocles, however, would lead us to believe otherwise from his treatment of "Antigone." He certainly pays as much attention to character as the development of his time would allow. In his "Antigone" he has shown a thorough knowledge of the human heart; and if his characters are not so artistically drawn as those of Shakspeare, it is perhaps owing to the inefficiency of the theatre of his day. Besides he could not afford to offend the delicate eye of the Athenian theatre-goers by introducing scenes of horror, of bloodshed and of battle, for such actions were not tolerated on the Grecian stage. Things have changed, and with Shakspeare we find the introduction of scenes of all sorts on the stage. This helped Shakspeare to develop character, and at the same time gave him a better hold on his audience, which delighted in thrilling situations.

As a rule, the workings of fate are to be noted in the plays of Sophocles, and it is given the widest possible scope. This gloomy idea of fate was looked upon by Sophocles as most essential for the elevation of character. Hence, in the "Antigone," we see how fate visits Creon with the punishment for the sins of his forefathers; and during the course of the play, Nemesis is everywhere with its gloomy workings and its prophetic decrees. Its destruction is quite apparent in the "Œdipus Tyrannus" and in the "Antigone," the latter of which ranks among the greatest productions of Sophocles. This play, owing to its dependence on its predecessors, can be taken as a striking

example of the skill of Sophocles, which he made evident by so blending explanation and action as to make clear the connection of character which, were it not for previous occurrences, would not have a true bearing.

The character-drawing of the "Antigone" is particularly fine. Antigone, the beautiful, the noblest of Athenian girls, is an excellent contrast to the cruel and unrelenting Creon. It may be truly said that the characters of the "Antigone" or even of "Ædipus Tyrannus" are not so nicely delineated as those of Shakspeare's "Hamlet," "Othello" or "Macbeth;" still when we consider the time and circumstances and that we should not separate the character from its environments we may be led to believe that Sophocles achieved great success as a delineator of character. The characters of the "Antigone" are well drawn, and preserve uniformity, for but one phase of the character is shown. This again we may attribute to the requirements of the stage. If, for instance, Antigone is always the bold, defiant, but loyal maiden, Creon is unrelenting and blood-thirsty, and makes us feel as if we would order him sacrificed at any hazard.

Antigone stands out so prominently that we are unconsciously drawn to her, and care little for the others. Although she is an ardent lover of Hæmon, son of Creon, she never once betrays her love for him, or even alludes to it. She has a higher, a nobler, a purer love, inspired by respect for the memory of her departed brother Polyneikes. She sacrifices her tender love for Hæmon for duty's sake, and in the face of Creon's edict performs the funeral rites over Polyneikes. She enlists our sympathy almost at the first appearance, and we still find her our favorite at the close of the play. How could one but feel deeply sympathetic, when one dwells upon her farewell speech and the scenes of beauty she is about to quit forever; this too without the hope of the future reward, which Christianity held forth centuries later. The melancholy dirges strike the sympathetic chords of every heart, and make it feel something of the pathos which worked upon the hearts of the Athenians. What an example of devotion to duty is Antigone who, by her bold defiance of Creon, has won a host of admirers; but Ismene who feared the edict of her father and showed her cowardice, fails to win us and is far removed from the approbation given to Antigone. There is no one but regrets the fate of poor, faithful Antigone, bad enough in any case; but the sting seems to have a twofold

bitterness when administered by such a one as we imagine Creon to be.

Hæmon, Teiresias, Ismene are all well drawn, and are ingeniously introduced to work up the interest of the play; but of Hæmon one word suffices, he was a coward and ended his life by suicide. Creon meets a deserved fate not unlike that of poor, unfortunate Lear, who after being most kind to his daughters, Goneril and Regan, and giving up all his power to them, is driven away with none to console him. If Cordelia is a beautiful example of the love of a child for a father, Antigone is no less an instance of filial love. The chorus occasionally interrupts the action to point the moral, and the wise old sages composing it have given forth sentiments worthy of the reverential but rough Doric dialect. We may well compare the chorus, with its high moral tone, to the function which Shakspeare would have the scene of the grave-diggers, and the various interviews of Hamlet with the players and courtiers, perform; however, that of the former was of a loftier and grander character, but it has the striking effect of placing the character of Antigone in a strong light by means of contrasts, for the most part happy. Sophocles heightened the tone of the play by introducing the chorus, for it is nearly always holding up the ideal. So, too, Shakspeare has, with his consummate skill, brought in many happy digressions which are inseparably bound to his most serious dramas.

In discussing the characters of dramas, ancient or modern, we inadvertently use the characters of Shakspeare as a standard by which to judge the creations of other dramatists. No one doubts but that with the progress of time our civilization has grown very complex and presents multiform characters; still, it is doubtful whether there is any "development of passion or character or trait of human nature, any social evolution that does not find expression somewhere in Shakspeare's plays." But it is necessary for us in our day to revive, or in some measure, re-create the atmosphere in which Will of Stratford recast the material which had been worked time and again, but never had shone with so much lustre until the magic of his genius touched it. Sophocles in his "Antigone" and "Ædipus Tyrannus" presents, even to the students of the Attic Drama in our day, something of the sweet composure, grace and melody, which delighted the hearts of the thousands of cultured Athenians who were wont to attend every performance of his great plays.

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—Next Saturday, April 6, will be the anniversary of the death of Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C.S.C. As for a number of years, our beloved "Father John" directed the policy of the SCHOLASTIC, and contributed much to its present prosperity, we bespeak the prayers of its readers for the repose of his soul.

—Frère Ernest, of the Institution of the Holy Cross at Neuilly, has a European reputation for exquisite taste. His opinion in art and in bibelots and curios is greatly valued by critics in that city of fine taste—Paris. No better corroboration of his discrimination could be found than his latest gift to Dr. Zahm,—which is a Book of Hours of the middle of the fourteenth century, which was one of the wedding presents given to Margaret of Valois on her marriage with the King of Navarre. It had previously formed part of a collection presented by one of the family of Foix to Pope Alexander VII. It is in black-letter on rich vellum, the initial letters and vignettes are more than usually numerous. The illuminations are so wonderfully fresh and glowing that some of the colors are almost gem-like in their beauty. The white pigments—so hard to keep from turning yellow—are unusually brilliant. Outside the Astor Library, there is no volume of

this kind in America, if the collections of one or two private gentlemen be excepted. A similar Book of Hours was recently disposed of at the Duke of Hamilton's sale for five thousand dollars. Dr. Zahm will be happy to show his treasure to anyone interested in valuable books. While admiring the taste of Frère Ernest, one must still further admire the generosity which prompted him to let the volume come to the sister college *outré-mer*.

—The event of the week at Notre Dame was the visit of Right Reverend Bishop Keane, the Rector of the Catholic University of Washington. For many years Bishop Keane has taken a deep interest in the welfare of our *Alma Mater*, and more than once she has felt the stimulus of his untiring energy, his optimism and his zeal for education. Arriving at noon on Thursday, he delivered an address to the students of the University, in Washington Hall, at four p. m. His theme was the American of the future and the responsibility of the men of the present. Each generation, he said, shapes the succeeding generation; and what more imperative duty than that all formative influences should be for America's good. The fundamental idea of Christian civilization is, the nobility of the individual in his relations to God and his fellow-man. His dignity, his character, his worth are the determining factors. This individualism says to Cæsar: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." It founds all things in the law of God; it sees the light of God, the beauty of God, the seal of God upon man in all human relationship. It sees this seal of God upon the individual man, sees that he is the offspring of infinite wisdom and love, and that he is vested with rights inalienable because they are given, not by man, but by man's Creator. This Christian civilization is the tree that the Lord planted that its branches might stretch to the ends of the earth.

It would be impossible to give a synopsis of Bishop Keane's eloquent address, for his discourse defies analysis. The SCHOLASTIC will not attempt it, then, but promises to print it in full as soon as possible. On Friday afternoon, the Bishop gave the undergraduates a talk on the Catholic University, and made an earnest appeal to them not to be satisfied with their collegiate degrees, but to pursue post-graduate courses at Washington. His words were inspiring and stimulating, and it is safe to say that Notre Dame will be well represented at the University in October.

Catholic Universities.*

Catholic universities have many points in common with other institutions devoted to the cause of education. For a part of the journey they travel side by side, and together pursue the study of the sciences, of history, of literature and of art. Together they teach the secrets wrung from nature only after years of laborious and inquisitorial study; together they introduce us to poets "at whose songs the woods and waves grow calm;" and in teaching us to appreciate their lofty thoughts, their high ideals, they would implant in our breasts the spirit of emulation, and arouse in us lofty inspirations. Together they tell of the triumphs of the old masters, and show how delicate and noble sympathies were awakened by music, painting and sculpture; and together they encourage those of us who happen to be gifted for this peculiar work, to excel in it and so minister to the good and pleasure of mankind.

So far have Catholic and other universities pursued the path of learning and instruction hand-in-hand. But here they must part company, for the latter class has reached the end. They go no farther. Here they stop and rest, satisfied that they have done their whole duty in the education of the youth. But Catholic universities, on the contrary, here take you by the hand, and ask you to follow on a way that leads to a loftier and a nobler sphere, and learn of your God, the Creator, of nature whose secrets you have discovered, the Inspirer of the poets and the masters of old.

Catholic universities, firm in the belief that there can be no true education without religion, seek not only to educate the mind but the heart and soul as well. Man is a dual being, composed of body and soul, and it is this consideration—the necessity of ministering to the requirements of his double nature—that makes Catholic universities assert that an education of the mind only is not even half an education, when the more essential one of the soul is neglected. They thus educate the youth to know his duties toward mankind and those toward his God, and the best manner in which these duties may be performed.

No; Catholic universities are not satisfied with educating merely the mind; they do not stop with the study of the sciences, of history,

of literature and art, but go far beyond; and rising high above all these, they teach that the Personal God and the moral law are more than facts, that they are *essentials*; that therefore there can be no true education without religion; for mankind is anchored to the personality of God, and loosened from that mooring, it drifts into the tossing waves and the polluted air of sensualism, turbulence and crime.

Ethics without dogma is a contradiction. The source and foundation of ethics, of true morality, is that first and greatest of all dogmas, the existence of God. Cardinal Manning once declared that "religion without dogma is like mathematics without axioms." This thought has been echoed and re-echoed even from the most unexpected quarters. Notice one of Gladstone's remarks that "undenominational religion is a moral monster." And Leslie Stephen, himself not a believing Christian, has recently asserted "that religion without dogma is like a statue without shape or a picture without color."

There are not many sayings of Lord Salisbury that I could quote with approbation before an Irish audience; but however erratic be his views on the question of Home Rule and justice to Ireland, yet we may all note with pleasure that both he and his successor, Lord Rosebury, insist on the necessity of combining moral with intellectual training. And here I can do no better than quote to you the words of the Congressman from the tenth district of Iowa, in a lecture four or five days since to a Methodist congregation: "Some have thought," said he, "that secular education is sufficient to bring the people up to a proper moral standard. I do not urge that instruction be given into the hands of priests or preachers, but I do say that the education which leaves out moral training is not for the best. Society must look above the school-house for instruction in the duties of life and citizenship. We cannot divorce religion from morality." And so I might go on and on, giving you the views of the greatest minds of the age on the subject of religion and education, and so demonstrate how they are gradually veering round to the Catholic idea; but time presses.

Catholic universities have played no mean or inconsiderable part in the advancement of learning and in shaping the conduct and manners of a great percentage of mankind. Scattered over the civilized world as these universities are, it would necessarily consume more time than is at my disposal to more than

* Substance of the response made to the toast, "Catholic Universities," at the A. O. H. Banquet at Jackson, Michigan, March 18.

touch on the subject. And so I shall refer only to the Catholic institutions in the two countries which suggest themselves to me—the one on account of the occasion, the other as giving us constant protection and nourishment—Ireland and America. History tells us that the intellectual leadership of western Europe—the glorious ambition of the greatest nations—has been in turn obtained by Italy, France, Britain and Germany. However, it will hardly be disputed that from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the eighth century that leadership devolved upon Ireland. The number of her schools and the wisdom, energy and zeal of her masters retained for her the proud distinction for two hundred years. And when it passed away from her grasp she might still console herself with the grateful reflection, that the power she had founded and exercised was divided among the British and continental schools which her own alumni had largely contributed to form and establish.

We are told that thousands of scholars from every part of Europe flocked to these free monastic schools of Ireland. The seeds of learning there planted in their minds in the schools of Armagh, of Bangor, of Clonard, of Taghmon, and of Lismore, were carried by these scholars back to their respective countries, and the fruit they bore was the glorious one of saving Europe from the darkness of the ignorance which then threatened it. It was during these two centuries that Ireland won the proud title of the "land of saints and doctors." And so Ireland—down-trodden Ireland, who to-day sighs and cries for liberty—once educated and enlightened the world. These were only monastic schools, however; and universities, as we understand them, were unknown in Ireland until a much later period.

And what of the Catholic universities of the United States? What have they done and what are they doing? The answer is found in the men of learning and of morality which they have given to this land, and the true patriots which they have made and are making. Catholic universities deserve well of America. They teach the youth that next to God he should love his country; and greater far than the love of home and family should be the love of his country's institutions. They instil the doctrine into the hearts of their scholars that the virtue of patriotism is a religious duty second only to the duty which we owe to God.

However strange it may sound to those unacquainted with our Catholic universities, it is

nevertheless true, that they inculcate the principle that perfected Americanism and perfected individualism are co-relative terms; not indeed the selfish individualism of the pagan, but the perfected personality of the Christian, when soul accords with all other high souls, like an instrument in a grand symphony, an instrument which must be perfect in itself before it can add to the perfection of the whole.

Banishing ignorance by education, and expelling vice and crime by teaching morality, Catholic universities incite their scholars to the practice of civic virtue—the highest patriotism; and by teaching them to respect and cherish the ballot-box as the great trust of manhood, the supreme act of citizenship; and to preserve it free and uncorrupted, they make of them the "pillars of strength that support the temple of American concord."

The two unities of the personal God and the moral law conveyed to mankind through the ten commandments, are the immovable cornerstones of the Federal Constitution and the Republic, and when, if ever, they are dislodged the whole fabric will totter and fall. Upon this foundation from 1787 to 1895, in peace and in war, in all social and political struggles, in all alternations of prosperity and adversity, in all material and intellectual development, in our growth and expansion, and even in the ominous controversies which are darkening the end of the nineteenth century, our institutions have securely rested, and unless swung from this base, they are destined to unify and govern the civilized world.

True to this doctrine Catholic universities lay open the minds of their scholars to the light of education and instil morality into their hearts. Hence I assert with all the strength of conviction—a strength born of the consciousness of truth—that Catholic universities give us the best and purest citizens and truest patriots.

The tide that bears nations on its current never stands still. Each generation has its own battles to fight, its own questions to settle. The solution lies in the strength of the public opinion which solved the questions of the past, and Catholic institutions are striving to fortify it by elevating the standard of intelligence, raising the tone of moral feeling, and directing public and private activity to just and noble ends. Patience, energy and virtue, triple children of Catholic universities, will overcome our difficulties, will avert our dangers, the union of hearts and hands will be complete.

T. D. M.

Exchanges.

If heretofore the *Mount* has not been mentioned in our columns, it is neither from oversight nor from lack of appreciation, but rather from the conviction that its editors, working as they do *con amore*, find their greatest praise and encouragement in the steady improvement of their every monthly output. Of special interest at all times are the editorials. They are always sane, to the point and up to date. Then, too, they are admirable in *tone*. Criticism of contemporaries, when ventured upon, is of such a nature as to provoke reply, and not of that kind that, lapsing into Billingsgate, puts an end to all rational discussion.

* * *

"Hull House—A Social Settlement" is the title of the leading article in the current issue of *The Penn Chronicle*. Its writer does not air his views upon the Tenement Problem, as one would be led to infer from the title, but contents himself with giving a description of the origin, aim and present work of the settlement. Although the article is interesting enough after a fashion, it leaves one under the impression that its author has never gone a-slumming—except in magazines.

* * *

We should like to know why the editors of the *Holy Ghost College Bulletin* deem it necessary to label some of the matter furnished, "Original Contributions by Students." It leaves one the hopeless alternative of inferring that the other matter is not original. If so, why accept it as copy?

* * *

It is notable what interest the Jewish race problem is exciting in the West. Elward of the University of Wisconsin and Miss Brown of Oskaloosa College, Iowa—both representatives of their respective colleges at inter-state contests—dealt with the varying phases of this problem.

* * *

Our engineers will always find something of interest and profit in *The Polytechnic*. In the present issue Clemens Herschel discourses on methods of measuring water. The historical data interspersed give an additional interest to the facts set forth. The article is well illustrated.

Athletics.

The baseball season has opened under very favorable conditions. There are a large number of candidates for positions, all of whom play more than passingly well; the enthusiasm is boundless and promises to increase, and, above all, the team has a good captain, who enjoys the confidence of the men. With these circumstances in our favor, we must necessarily make a good showing in the scheduled games.

The practice, thus far, has been fairly good. It has tended to one desired end—to make the men work together. There must be uniform team playing if our nine is to fly the pennant. There is one disadvantage in the present system of practice games. Instead of placing the regular pitcher in the box for one side and his substitute for the other, those who are not so capable are made to face the batsmen. This is a serious mistake. All the games we forfeited last year were lost before the fourth inning, simply because Stack had not had any practice of this kind before the regular games. Moreover, the batsmen need practice as well as the pitcher. If they bat against our best pitchers in the practice games, it will tend to make them confident when they face outsiders. Stack has been ill lately, and this probably accounts for his non-appearance; but Wellington, or whoever is to be the substitute pitcher, should have been sent into the box.

Just now it may do to make vicious, cover-tearing lunges at the ball, while the limbering-up process is going on; but before they meet Ann Arbor the men must be taught to be content with short hits dropped in safe places. They must learn, too, the value of timely sacrifice-hits. Those who speak of our weakness at the bat last season attribute it mainly to lack of team batting. It is to be hoped that this year's nine will profit by the lesson of the past.

The men named in last week's SCHOLASTIC for places on the team are, in the main, good. Some of them will have to bat better if they wish to be retained. Sweet is wretched with the stick and Monahan is not much better. Anson is just the man for first; he is just a trifle heavy and slow now, but a little practice will soon remedy that. Browne is a steady player and promises well. Wellington has not realized expectations, but may do better if he can get rid of some surplus avoirdupois. Mapother did well in the opening practice, but

the pace appears too rapid for him. McGinnis bats and catches with vim. He is an earnest player. Dinkel shows improvement. N. Gibson may be chosen as substitute pitcher. He has speed and a fair command of the ball. It is well understood that no one can expect a place on the nine who does not appear regularly for practice.

Personals.

—Mr. Frank Nester, '88, is to be married shortly after Easter to a young lady of Detroit.

—Paul and Ray Healy, '90, after spending a year in Europe, are now active men in the great musical firm of Lyon & Healy of Chicago. This firm is the largest dealing in musical goods in the world.

—Thomas and Frank Flynn, '83, of Des Moines, Iowa, are engaged with their father in the banking business, while their brother Jerry has charge of the extensive farm connected with their old homestead near the city.

—Mr. Paul F. Schnurrer, a student here in '72-'5, is engaged in the drug business, Pierz, Minnesota. From the letter written to one of his friends here, Paul shows that he has not forgotten old preceptors. He promises to be with us at Commencement, and he will receive a hearty welcome.

—Mr. George Meyers, (student,) '86-'7, is one of the leading partners of the firm Meyer, Cox & Co., Dubuque. The firm, of which Mr. Meyers is the senior member, has been doing business in its present quarters for the last quarter of a century. Speaking of Mr. George Meyers, the Dubuque *Daily Times* says:

"It is but just to him to say that there is not a brighter young business man in the West than Mr. Meyers, the new member; nor is there one who is a more thorough or scholarly gentleman. Ever since graduating from college he has taken an active part in the business of this large house, until now he is thoroughly familiar with every detail of it, and equipped, as few young men of his age are, to assume the responsibilities of his new position. George is a general favorite—made so by his manly traits of character, and is a worthy son of a noble sire."

Obituary.

—Again death has invaded the ranks of our alumni, this time to snatch away William J. Clarke, Classical '74, a brilliant young lawyer in the prime of life. After taking his degrees of A. B. and A. M. at Notre Dame, Mr. Clarke studied law in his native city, Columbus, Ohio, where he gained distinction in his profession. Later he went to Salt Lake City in the interest of the United States Government; while there

he made hosts of friends. He returned to Columbus and continued to practice law until attacked by the disease which resulted in his untimely death last Monday. Mr. Clarke was a brother of Rev. D. A. Clarke, Classical '70, one of the truest of the true friends of Notre Dame. To the bereaved family we offer our heartfelt sympathy and the assurance that many prayers will be said for the repose of the soul of the dear departed. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—The last of the ice on the lake disappeared Monday.

—The Philopatrians are billed to appear Easter Monday.

—Found:—A purse. Owner may have same by applying at Students' office.

—The Criticism class is discussing the salient points of the tragedy of "Hamlet."

—Essays from the First Grammar class on one of the books in their course of reading are due April 15.

—Lost:—A copy of Johnston's "American Politics." Finder will please leave it with the Director of Sorin hall.

—Lost:—A sum of money in bills, between Sorin hall and the rear of the church. Reward if returned to Director of Sorin hall.

—A member of Carroll hall, for fear of injuring his reputation, is obliged to repeat "that's no lie," whenever he tells the truth.

—The Boat Club was upon the lake for the first time last Thursday. From now on there will be practice every day for the races in June.

—The erection of the grand stand was begun Thursday. It will have a seating capacity for twelve hundred persons, and is a much-needed improvement.

—A great many of the new students who were advertised as phenomenal ball-players during the winter season have turned out to be anything but good players.

—The *Chicago Tribune* of March 22 contained an article on the Notre Dame Baseball Club. It gave pictures of Captain Schmidt, McGinnis, Stack and Chassaing.

—Students should patronize the South Bend firms who advertise in the SCHOLASTIC. Advertisements from reputable concerns only are inserted, and they can therefore be recommended.

—Work has begun on the college lawn. Bro. Philip, who superintends the work, intends to form the grounds in front of the buildings into a park. He will have a corps of assistants to help him.

—Before purchasing elsewhere, visit our local tailoring establishment. The Director

always aims to please. He has now on hand an assortment of spring styles to please the most fastidious. Give him a call.

—Reports from the different classes are encouraging. All send word that they are doing thorough work. The Reverend President has announced his intention to visit all next month in company with the Director of Studies.

—Quite a number of Carrolls have been practising during the last two weeks for admittance into the Specials. All show great enthusiasm, and when the time comes for making a choice, it will be difficult to select the most worthy.

—Owing to the great demand, there is a lack in this office of the Christmas number of the SCHOLASTIC. Subscribers who do not intend to bind their numbers would confer a favor upon the publishers by sending them copies of the Christmas issue.

—A correspondent from Carroll hall wishes to know just what items are published in the Local column. Law sakes, child! The subscription price of the SCHOLASTIC is only one dollar and fifty cents. Get a copy at once and be up to the times.

—Committees on arrangements, invitation and music were appointed by Col. Hoynes last Thursday to prepare for the public debate on the gold and silver question. The date has not yet been settled, but we may look for it some time during the next two weeks.

—Some persons have a habit of jeering at the candidates for the Varsity team for every error made during their practice games. This bothers the players exceedingly, and it should be stopped. The men should be given every available chance to do their best.

—The prospects for a Sorin-Brownson boat-race are not so bright as the SCHOLASTIC would wish them. The Sorin contingent has dwindled down to a half-dozen men; one or two of the best oars in the hall decline to row. If they persist in refusing, Sorin must forfeit the race or be beaten.

—The Dramatic Stock Company is now a fact. The organization was effected last Monday, when the members met for the first time to read the play to be given on their initial appearance. Twelve gentlemen from both Sorin and Brownson halls at present compose the company.

—Plans have been made for an extension of Music Hall to afford a store-room for scenery when not in use on the stage. This will make the work of the stage-manager lighter, and will enable the actors to move about the stage more easily. The plays, too, will be better presented.

—There are a few fiends in Brownson hall who continually disturb the quiet of study hours by swinging about large bunches of keys. Babies, it is true, must have playthings; but

those who have not passed the rattle-box period should not be admitted to the Senior department.

—The introduction into the lower classes in English of a course of reading is producing the best effects. Before their entrance into Composition the students in the Grammar classes will have a fair acquaintance with the structure of sentences. But what is more beneficial, they will have acquired a taste for good reading. The students welcome the change.

—The "Staff" went to South Bend Saturday afternoon and had their photographs taken. The elements conspired against the men of letters, and at three o'clock it grew dark and began to rain; but the photographer said the SCHOLASTIC coterie's brilliancy was such as to drive the clouds away, and that he could make pictures of them were it in the noon of night!

—A valuable addition was made to the Bishops' Memorial Hall during the week. The Bull authorizing the consecration of the Right Rev. Augustin Louage, late Bishop of Dacca, India, together with some of his pontifical vestments, were placed among the other relics of deceased prelates. A special interest is attached to this latest addition, for Bishop Louage was for a number of years Professor of Philosophy in the University.

—Teachers and others who contemplate attending the meeting of the N. E. A. in Denver should see that their tickets read via the Union Pacific from the Missouri River. The advantages offered by this line are unequalled by any other, and its service, consisting of Pullman's finest sleeping and dining cars, cannot be excelled. Mr. E. L. Lomax, the General-Passenger & Ticket Agent, Omaha, is always ready to furnish information in regard to this line.

—The Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC will be a special issue. It will contain portraits of the Staff with short biographies of each member. From a literary point of view it will be the best issue of this year. As an artistic number it will surpass anything sent from our press—Mr. J. H. Miller, '97, has designed the cover. Subscribers desiring extra copies should make application at once, as only a limited number will be printed. The experiences of those who have tried to secure copies of the Christmas number should teach them to order their SCHOLASTICS in time.

—Rowdyism never looks well dressed in the garb of a joke; but the uniform is still less becoming to theft. A man who takes what belongs to another and uses or destroys it, is commonly known as a thief; but he who steals under the pretext that he "is only in fun," and expects his fellows to applaud him, should be cast out of the society of respectable young men. It is gratifying to know that such characters are scarce here; but the recent theft from the

express office has shown that there are a few of them, and they should be watched and shunned.

—The candidates for the Varsity team have at last got down to hard, earnest work. Captain Schmidt has his men on the field two hours every day. At the noon hour they practise batting Stack's curves, and in the afternoon fielding. A Varsity team has been picked, but it is subject to changes. It consists of the following: Catcher, McGinnis; Pitcher, Stack; Short-stop, Funkhauser; 1st Base, Anson; 2d Base, Chassaing; 3d Base, Schmidt; Left-Field, Sweet; Centre-Field, Dinkel; Right-Field, Brown. All of these men have been showing up well both in batting and fielding, and they will very likely hold their positions on the team. During the past few days all of them have picked up wonderfully, and if they continue to improve we can prophesy nothing but a successful season.

—The Columbians held their regular meeting Thursday evening. After admitting Mr. W. B. Golden to membership in the society, the programme for the evening was carried out. Mr. Barry read an essay on "The Rocking Chair." The touches of humor, the clearness and conciseness of his style, made it a delightful paper. Messrs. Brennan and Finnerty did well in the dialogue of "The Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius." The debate for the evening was then announced. Mr. W. P. Burke made a very forcible speech for the negative. Mr. W. J. Burke followed with strong and convincing proofs for the affirmative. Mr. Brown also spoke for the affirmative; his one fault is his briefness. Mr. Anson closed the debate by a short though clear and effective argument. After much deliberation the judges decided the debate in favor of the negative. The whole programme was carefully prepared.

—A large percentage of the members of the Philodemics were present last Wednesday evening when the society was called to order in the Law room. After some preliminary business had been transacted, Mr. John Mott, in his characteristic, easy style, read one of A. Conan Doyle's short stories. It was a pleasing beginning of a most enjoyable evening. Instead of the usual debate there was a symposium on the question, "Should a novel or a drama be written with a purpose?" Messrs. Prichard and Walker held that they should, while Messrs. Murray and Cullinan took an opposite view. Creditable and interesting papers were read by all, and the honors were so evenly divided that it would be almost impossible to decide which side had the best of the argument. Owing to lack of space last week an account of the reading of "Marse Chan," by Mr. John Shannon, was necessarily omitted. Mr. Shannon displayed great elocutionary powers in his reading, and rendered the story so pathetic that he brought tears to the eyes of more than one of his hearers.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Burns, Cullinan, Davis, Dempsey, Dinkel, Devanney, Eyanson, Gibson, Gallagher, Hudson, Kennedy, Mitchell, J. Mott, E. McKee, McManus, D. Murphy, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan,* Shannon, Stace.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Ainsworth, Alber, Adler, Anson, Anderson, Barry, Baird, J. Brown, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Brennan, Britz, R. Browne, Barrett, Corry, Coleman, Cunnea, Crane, Chassaing, Carney,* T. Cavanaugh, Costello, Crilly, A. Campbell, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Conger, Delaney, Davis, Dowd, Dillon, Eymmer, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Foulks, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Galen, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Halligan, Harrison, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hodge, Hanrahan, Hennessey, Hinde, Jones, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Karasynski, Kinsella, Ludwig, Landa, Lingafelter, Landsdowne, Lassig, Mathewson, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Moran, Mulroney, Monarch, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, A. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, J. Moore, Melter, B. L. Monahan, Metzger, McHugh, McGinnis, A. McCord, McGreevey, McGurk, Neely, Ney, O'Mally, O'Brien, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Pearce, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, E. Roper, Schulte, Sheehan, Scott, F. Smoger, Schultz, C. Steele, S. Steele, Streicher, Schmidt, Sanders, Schauer, Turner, Tinnen, Vorhees, G. Wilson, H. Wilson,* P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wensinger, Wilkin, Wiss, F. Wagner, C. Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, J. Barry, Burns, Benz, Browne, Cottin, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dixon, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franev, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, W. Healy, L. Healy, Harding, Herrera, Hoban, E. Heer, L. Heer, Hagan, Jones, Keeffe, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Long, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Miller, Maurer, C. Murray, Minnigerode, Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhilips, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, G. McDonald, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Powell, Rockey, Reuss, Roesing, Rasche, Rauch, Sachsels, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Storey Shillington, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Scott, F. Smith, Steiner, Thompson, F. Taylor, Tatman, Tong, Tuohy, Temple, Thalman, Underwood, Ward, Wallace, Waterson, Waters, Wright, Wigg, Weidman, Wells, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, N. Boyton, Brisanden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, Clarke, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassady, Collins, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Corcoran, Cotter, Catchpole, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Egan, Elliott, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Ford, Goff, Graham, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, Hawkins, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lawton, Leach, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, R. McCarthy, McElroy, McNamara, Mitchell, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Paul, Plunkett, E. Quertimont, G. Quertimont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton, Steele, Thompson, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann.

* Omitted by mistake last week.